

LUCY WENDAL: A Tale of Real Life.

BY MISS BEDGWICK.

"I am going around by Broad-street, to inquire of Ross, the glover, about little Lucy Wendal."

"Lucy Wendal! Who is she?"

"She is a pretty Dutch girl, who lived opposite to me in that bit of a dwelling that looks like a crack or a seam between the two houses on each side of it. She lived with her grand-parents, natives of this city, and once proprietors of many a lot within it; but they had been out-bargained and out-witted till they were reduced to this little tenement, some twenty feet by fifteen. Their only surviving descendant was my little friend Lucy, a pretty, fair-skinned, fair-haired, blue-eyed girl, of a modest, quiet, engaging demeanor. For many months after we moved to —— street, I knew nothing of the family; but, from such observations as my eye could take, neatness was the ruling passion of the household. Their only servant, Minerva—the goddess of wisdom should have known better—used to scrub the house weekly from garret to cellar; their only carpet was shaken every Saturday, the steps were scoured daily, and I never in my life saw the old woman without a dusting-cloth in her hand. Such a war of extermination did she carry on against the intruding particles, that my friend E. used to say it must be hard for her to think of turning to dust.

"Lucy had no visitors, no companions; and the only indulgence of the old people, which was sitting on the stoop every afternoon, according to the ancient Dutch custom, she never partook. She never went out, excepting on Sunday to church, and then she reminded me of one of those bright, pretty flowers that hang on the crabbed, bare stem of the cactus. I pitied her, her spring of life seemed passing away so drearily. My pity was misplaced, and I felt it to be so, when I looked into her serene and sweet countenance, and saw there the impress of that happiness which certainly flows from duties religiously performed.

"It is a great matter, Grace, to have your desires bounded within your station; to be satisfied with the quiet, unnoticed performance of the duties Providence has allotted to you; and not to waste your strength in seeking to do good, or obtain pleasures beyond your sphere.

This is true wisdom, and this was Lucy Wendal's. At last there came to this obscure family what comes to all, death and its changes. The old man and his wife died within a few days of each other, of the influenza, which then raged in the city.

"The hope of serving the pretty orphan induced me to go to the house. She received me gratefully and as an old friend; for though we never exchanged a word, there had been occasionally an interchange of kind looks and friendly nods—those little humanities that bind even strangers together. On inquiring into her affairs, I found that she was left almost penniless, but that a discreet and kind female friend had procured a place for her in Ross's glove factory. Lucy was skilled in all the art and craft of the needle. Ross, it seems, is a very thriving tradesman, and on the warm recommendation of Lucy's friends, he had promised to board her in his family, and allow her sufficient compensation for her labor.

"In a few days she removed to her new home. It is now fifteen months since she left our street. She came once to tell me she was perfectly satisfied with her place, and since then I have heard nothing of her. Do not look so reprovingly, my lady Mentor, I have been intending for some time to call at Ross's to make inquiries about her. My story has brought us almost to the shop,—John Ross, glove maker—

turer;—this must be the place. Stop one moment, Grace, and look through the window; that man, no doubt, is Ross himself. What a fine head! you might know such a man would succeed in the world. He would have been a resolute general, a safe statesman; but here he is an honest, thriving glover, and that perhaps is just as well; nothing truer than the old couplet:

'Honor and fame from no condition rise,
Act well your part, there all the merit lies.'

"The old man looks as though he might be a little tyrannical, though. Heaven grant that poor Lucy may not have suffered from this trait in his physiognomy.

"The only customer is coming out—Now we have a clear field, let us go in."

"Mr. Ross, I believe?"

"The same, ma'am."

"I call, Mr. Ross, to inquire after a young woman who came to live with you last Christmas."

"I have a great many young women living with me, ma'am."

The old man's humor required me to be explicit.

"Her name, Mr. Ross, was Lucy Wendal."

"Ah, Lucy Wendal did come into the factory about that time."

There was an expression in Ross's face at the mention of her name that I did not clearly comprehend. It might betide good, and it might betide evil of Lucy. "I merely wished to know, Mr. Ross, whether she still remains with you."

"Was you a friend to Lucy Wendal, ma'am?"

"I should think it an honor to call myself so, but I could hardly claim that name. She was my neighbor, and interested me by her correct deportment, and uncommon dutifulness to her old parents."

Ross made no reply, but fumbled over some gloves that were lying on the counter, and tied up the bundle, and laid it on the shelf. "You seem, Mr. Ross, not disposed to answer my inquiries. I am afraid some misfortune has happened to the poor girl."

"Would you like to know, ma'am, what has happened to her?" He leaned his elbow on his desk, and seemed about beginning a story.

"Certainly I would."

"Well, you know when Lucy Wendal came to me, she was a little demure thing—not a beauty, but so comely and tidy, that she was a pretty resting place for the eye of old or young. She was as great a contrast to the other girls in the work-shop as white to black. She just sat quiet in one corner, and minded her work, and took no part in their gabbling. You must know what a parcel of girls is, ma'am, dinging from morning to night like forty thousand chimney swallows. Lucy was very different. She made herself neat and trig in the morning, and did not lose half an hour at noon, when the 'prentice boys were coming to dinner, twitching out curl paper, and furbelowing her hair. The boys and girls used to have their jokes about her, and call her the little parson; but she only preached in actions, and this is what I call practical preaching, ma'am. She was a little master workman with her needle. I never had a match for her since I first began business; but (you know, ma'am, there is always a but in this life,) she gave me great offence. She crossed me where I could not bear to be crossed."

"Not intentionally, I am sure, Mr. Ross."

"You shall hear, ma'am. I have an only son, John Ross—a fine, fresh-looking, good-natured, industrious lad. I set my heart on his marrying his cousin, Amy Bunce. She is a daughter of my youngest sister, and had a pretty fortune in hand, enough to set John up in any business he fancied. There was no reason in the world why he should not like Amy. I had kept my wishes to myself, because I knew that young folks' love is like an unbroken colt, that will neither mind spur nor bit. I never mistrusted that any thing was going wrong, till one day I heard the girls making a great wonderment about a canary bird that they found when they went in the morning into the workshop, in a cage hanging over Lucy's seat—and then I remembered that John had asked me for five dollars the day before, and when I asked what he wanted the money for, he looked rather sheepish, and made no answer. I thought it prudent before matters went any further, to tell John my wishes about his cousin Amy. My wishes, ma'am, I have always made a law to my children. To be sure I have taken care, for the most part, that they should be reasonable. I am a little wilful, I own it; but it is young folks' business to mind; and 'Children obey your parents,' is the law both of Scripture and nature. So I told John. I had not any suspicion about Lucy, but I told him this marriage with his cousin was what he could have no reasonable objec-

tion to, what I had long fixed upon, and what he must set about without delay, on peril of my displeasure. He was silent, and looked cast down; but he saw I was determined, and I believed he would not disobey me. A few evenings after, I saw a light in the workshop after the usual time, and I went to inquire into it. I had on my slippers, and my steps made little or no sound. The upper part of the door is set with glass—I saw Lucy was finishing off a pair of gloves: my son was standing by her. It appeared that they were for him, and he insisted on her trying them on her hand. Hers, poor thing, seemed to tremble. The glove would not go on, but it came off, and their hands met *without gloves*, and a nice fit they were. I burst in upon them. I asked if this was his obedience to me, and I told Lucy to quit my service at once. Now the whole matter is past, I must do John the justice to say he stood by her like a man. He said this was a matter in which he could not obey me. He had given his heart and promised his hand to Lucy, and she owned she loved him—him who was not worthy of her love. He said, too, something of my having hitherto been a kind father and a kind man; and he would not believe that the first case of doing a wrong to be to the orphan girl whom Providence had placed under our roof. Ma'am, you will wonder that I hardened my heart to all this, but you know that anger is said to be a short madness, and besides, there is nothing makes us so deaf to reason and true feeling as the stinging sense that we are wilfully doing wrong; I was harsh, and John lost his temper; and poor Lucy cried and was too much frightened to speak; and it ended with my telling Lucy she should not stay another day in my house, and John, that if he did not obey me, my curse should be upon him.

"The next morning they had both cleared out and every body thought they had gone off to be married; and so I believed till night, when John came in like a distracted man, and said he had been all day seeking Lucy in vain—that the only friend she had in the city knew nothing of her, and when I answered 'so much the better,' he accused me of cruelty, and then followed high words, such as should never pass between father and son; and it ended in my turning him from my door. I do not wonder you turn away, but hear me out. Saturday night, three days after, John came home an altered man. He was as humble as if he only had been wrong. He begged my pardon, and promised to obey me in everything except marrying Amy Bunce. 'I have given up Lucy father,' he said, 'but I cannot marry anybody else.' I forgave him—from the bottom of my heart, I forgave him—and I longed to ask him to forgive me, but I had not come quite to that yet. I asked him what had brought him back to duty. He put into my hands a letter he had received from Lucy. She had persevered in not seeing him—but such a letter, ladies! If ministers could speak so to the heart, there could be no sin left in the world. She spoke of me as the kindest of fathers and the kindest of masters. Then she spoke of the duty a child owed a parent—said she should never have any peace of mind till she heard we were reconciled; and told him it would be in vain for him to seek her, for she had solemnly resolved never to see him again. The paper was blistered with tears from top to bottom: but, saving and excepting that, ma'am, there was nothing from which you could guess what it cost her to write the letter.

"I could not stand it, my heart melted within me. I found her that night, and without loss of time, brought her back to my house, and then," he added, walking hastily to the further extremity of the shop, and throwing open a door that led into a back parlor, "there, ma'am, is the long and short of it."

And there was one of the most touching scenes of human life. My pretty, dutiful friend, had become a wife and mother, her infant in her arms, and her husband sitting beside her, watching the first intimations of intelligence and love in its bright little face. Such should be the summer of happiness, when the spring is consecrated to virtue.



MARCH.

The weather still continued cold, with high winds and hard frosts; but the Milton family were able to give some variety to their out-of-door exercise. In the middle of the day, the sun was so powerful, that the weather gained considerable warmth, and they found rides on horse-back were very healthful and agreeable. The snows melted on the hills, and swelled the small streams, which came rushing down with great force, forming splendid waterfalls as they found their way over the rocks, and hastened down to fill up the rivers. The streams were all much increased, and many bridges and dams were carried away. Though they could not but regret the loss and damage which some of their neighbors suffered on these occasions, the spectacle of these torrents was often very magnificent and imposing. On one occasion, the ice in the river broke up, and came down with such force as to undermine some parts of a bridge, which crossed a river near the house of Mr. Milton. For several hours, the inhabitants of the town were assembled in great numbers, to watch it; and at last it came, the mighty torrent, bearing along immense blocks of ice, which it forced against the bridge, and with a great crash it yielded, and the large masses of the timber which composed it were hurried down the stream. In the afternoon, many anecdotes were told of these freshets, as they are called, and it was mentioned that in some places the bridges had been carried away several times, before a method of building could be discovered sufficiently strong to resist these spring torrents.

"Father," said Frank, "I believe this is the month when maple sugar is made; can you tell us any thing about it?"

Father. "The maple sugar is made from a tree, called *acer saccharinum*, or sugar maple. It grows in many parts of the United States, though not near the seashore. A tree of common size will yield from twenty to thirty gallons of sap in a season. This sap is collected by boring holes in the trees, and fastening to them small troughs, which convey it into vessels made

to receive it. It is then put into large kettles, and boiled down, until it forms itself into grains. This is the raw sugar. There are various ways of purifying and bleaching it."

[*Book of the Seasons.*]

THE NURSERY.

Written for the Youth's Companion.

MARY BARLOW, OR CARELESSNESS CON- QUERED.

"Mother, oh mother, what shall I do," said Mary B. as she burst into the apartment where her mother was sitting.

What is the matter," inquired Mrs. Barlow, looking up from her work, "what have you done, you are always getting yourself into trouble; tell me child, what you have done."

During the time her mother had been speaking, Mary had thrown herself into a chair, and was endeavoring to smother her sighs, sobs, and tears in her apron. Presently she spoke.

"Father never will forgive me; he told me that I should be punished if I did any more mischief."

After some time, Mrs. Barlow ascertained the difficulty, which was simply this. Mary, upon returning from school, had entered the dining room with her little brothers, and after putting their slates and books in their proper places, they commenced a dispute with each other, about the

time it had taken them to return from the school house. Mary was naturally a careless girl, and jumping into a chair by the clock, to point with her finger just how far the minute hand had probably gone during their walk homeward, lost her balance, and struck her arm in trying to save herself against the glass, and cracked it in several places. When she saw the effects of her rashness, she felt that her hasty action had not been at all necessary, and that had she stood on the floor and endeavored to show them what she wished, it would have saved her a troubled heart, and the reproof she was sure she deserved, and felt confident she would receive. She then determined to tell her mother all that had happened, and therefore entered the parlor as we have mentioned in the commencement of our narrative.

Her mother told her that she herself must be aware that carelessness was her prominent fault, and that it would be to her a continual annoyance in after years, if she did not strive to overcome it when young, and concluded by saying that she would first speak to her father before he reproved her.

Tea was at length prepared, and everything in readiness for Mr. Barlow's return from his office. In a few moments a door was heard to open. He came in, threw off his cloak, and set down to the table. The meal passed off pleasantly to all save Mary, who sat silently meditating upon her past conduct, and forming resolutions for the future. After tea was over, Mr. Barlow turned to his wife and said that he had an engagement for the evening; then looked at the clock to see the time. What was his amazement to find the glass so broken; he looked at all the children by turn, but Mary's face told the truth the moment he fixed his eye upon her. She ran up to him, and confessed all.

He praised her for her openness, but chid her for her carelessness, and finished by saying that he felt confident her own heart condemned her, and that he should not punish her then, but hoped for decided improvement in future.

Mary's conduct ever after improved in every respect; and neither father or mother ever found it necessary to reprove her for that fault which she once possessed in so great a degree.

Jan. 8th, 1842.

E. C. A.

stationed themselves by the window and kept up a constant whispering, till Bell shouted, "There he comes, there he comes!" and they both ran out of the room into the hall.

Presently the street door opened and their father entered the house. As soon as he had laid his hat on the table, they each took hold of a hand and entered the parlor leading him towards the fire, and exclaiming, "Guess what we've been doing, father?"

"Something very mischievous, I suspect," said Mr. Lane.

"No, father; no, father!" said Bell, "look at the large chair."

"And look at the slippers," added Lucy, "we fixed it all ourselves to surprise you."

"Well done, my girls," said their father; "I must sit down and rest in this comfortable chair, and my boots must come off, and these slippers go on in their place."

"Yes, father, and then we must be paid," said Lucy.

"Oh, that spoils the charm of the thing; I thought all this was for love and not for money."

"Oh no; not with money father; we don't want money. We want a story about something that happened when you were a little boy. That's what we mean by pay."

"Oh, very well, then—that will do. Come, then, the slippers are on." Bell jumped on one knee and Lucy on the other. Their father said, "a story is what you want, is it?"

"Yes, father, something about yourself when you were as small as we are," said Lucy.

"Oh, father," said Bell, "it seems as if you were always as large as you are now; it makes me laugh to think you were once a little boy."

"Well, my dear, it seems to me but a short time since I was a little boy eight years old; just Lucy's age. I well remember that time—for until then I had lived in a large town some distance from this place. I was a very delicate child, and several times the physicians had told my parents they had no hope of my recovery from violent attacks of sickness. As the place where we resided was considered rather unhealthy, my parents determined to remove to this village, not only on account of my health, but also for that of my little sister, who was two years younger than myself.

"When my parents came here to reside there was only one church, and two or three stores in the place. There were not one quarter as many houses as there are now, and none that were fine buildings; and the first house we lived in was that one by the side of the brook, near the old church."

"Why, father," said Lucy, "do you mean that old, old house?"

"Yes, Lucy; it is old now, and though it was not new then, it was very nice and comfortable. There was a large and pretty garden attached to it, in which there was a great deal of fine fruit, besides many shrubs and flowers. There I had my fine little garden. My father took me to the blacksmith's and directed him to make me a light shovel, rake and hoe—for the physicians had advised my father to encourage me to exercise in the open air. When these were finished

and handles fastened in them, I felt quite prepared for work. Then my father gave me a large square of ground to cultivate as I chose. So after the gardener had prepared the ground for me, (for I was not strong enough to do this,) I proceeded to lay it out into proper-sized beds, which I raked very neatly. These I planted with various kinds of vegetables; for though I loved to look at flowers, I felt more inclined to raise useful articles. I planted sweet corn, and lima beans, and melons, and cauliflowers and the nicer kinds of vegetables, such as need a good deal of care and attention to bring to a state of perfection. Oh how neat my garden always was. No sooner did a weed peep its head above ground than it was removed; and then after sunset every evening, when there had been no shower, I used to take my little water-pot and shower my garden. Directly opposite my garden across the large walk was my sister's square of ground, where she cultivated shrubs and flowers. I used to work a great deal in Fanny's garden, but Simon the gardener laid it out for her. There was a bank in the centre, which was bordered with wild pink; this was covered with violets and running myrtle. Around this there was a walk, and from this circular walk four straight paths went out east, west, north and south. The remainder of the garden was filled with roses, of which she had pink, white and yellow. She had also the moss locust, and quantities of early flowering bulbs, such as tulips, and crocuses and daffodils—then there were sweet peas, and morning-glories, and four o'clocks, and marigolds, besides china asters, blue bells, chrysanthemums, and many, many others. Oh, how Fanny and I used to work and talk, and how I praised and admired her flowers, and she, in turn, wondered at my fine lettuce and early melons. Fanny and I were very happy children. But I must not dwell too long in the garden, so you must follow me to the other side of the fence, for there ran the pleasantest brook I ever played by. The most delightful recollections of my childhood are connected with that brook, and sometimes even now, when I pass by and hear the gurgling of the water as it ripples over the stones, the sound and the scene carry me back to the days of early youth, and for an instant I feel like the happy boy I then was, when I played with my sister Fanny by the side of that stream. I had never been accustomed to play with other boys, and so much of my time had been passed in the house in consequence of delicate health, that almost my only companion had been my dear sister; but after we came to reside here my health improved rapidly, and I grew to be a large and stout boy, but still Fanny was oftentimes my companion in play, and as our residence was then very retired, we used to spend many an hour by the side of the brook. One favorite amusement of ours was "to play keeping store." Fanny used to ask our mother for some cotton cloth, of which she would make little bags; these I used to fill with corn and wheat, or sometimes with saw-dust, which we called flour. I had a nice flat-bottomed boat which I used to take up the stream and load with these bags; then I would let it float down to the

NARRATIVE.

MY SISTER FANNY.

"What are you going to do with that chair, Bell?" said Mrs. Lane to her little daughter, as she was trying with all her strength to roll a large cushioned chair towards the fire, about dusk one evening.

"Oh, mother! Lucy and I have such a nice plan about something." Just then Lucy came in very softly, with her hands behind her, and their mother perceiving they did not wish her to know what they had in view, sat quietly knitting without looking up; while Lucy silently placed on the floor, in front of the chair, a pair of slippers. As she did this, little Bell jumped up and down, clapping her hands, and then they both

store-house, which was a little shed made of boards with bins and shelves in it. When the boat arrived here, Fanny would help me to unlade her, and then we would empty the grain and flour into the bins. I used too to make wooden pen knives, and wrap them in papers, and boxes with sliding covers. We also had little lead candlesticks, and flat-irons and axes and a great many other things."

"Oh, father; where did you get those things?"

"There was a very ingenious boy lived in my father's family who made the moulds and poured melted lead into them, and thus formed these articles."

"I am sure they must have been very pretty," said Lucy, "but, father, I want to hear something more about Fanny; I think I should have loved her."

"No doubt you would, my dear, for every body loved her. She was tall and slender for her age, her eyes large and black, her hair dark glossy and waving, and her cheeks and lips as red as the glow of health could make them. She moved about with the sprightliness of a happy bird, and was the joy of our hearts. She was a cheerful, light-hearted child, and enjoyed the woods and the flowers, the birds and the sunshine. And oh how sweetly she used to sing! Her flute-like voice would warble so clearly and melodiously, that my father used to call her his little nightingale. But it was the loveliness of her character that formed her chief attraction. She was always gentle, obedient, pleasant and affectionate. I never knew her in a single instance rude or troublesome, fretful or ill-natured. I never heard her speak a harsh or unkind word, or knew her to enter into a quarrel. She was in fact a model which I should wish to imitate; for she had the grace of God in her heart, which was the secret charm of all her loveliness. It was *this beauty of holiness*, these right feelings and desires which she possessed, that led me to think, that from early childhood she loved God, and delighted to do his will."

"After my parents had been in this place several years, I went to visit an uncle who lived in the town where I was born. I had not been there long when my mother wrote to me that Fanny was quite sick and wanted to see me very much, and desired me to return home as soon as my uncle could find some friend who would take charge of me. As this was before the time of rail-roads and canals, and when there was but little travelling in the stages compared with what there is now, it was several days after I received this sad information before I found an opportunity for returning home. I was very anxious about my dear sister, but not prepared to see her so ill. Oh how altered my dear Fanny was, and how thin and pale she looked, and she was so weak that she spoke with great difficulty."

"I'm so glad you got here in time, dear Charley," she said.

"In time for what, Fanny? Can I do any thing for you," said I.

"No, Charley, neither you nor any one else. I'm going to die, and I am not sorry, my dear brother," said she, "for I shall be one of Christ's lambs."

"Oh, Fanny," said I, "do not say so. You are not so very sick, I am sure. I have been just as sick a great many times, when the doctors said they did not think I would get well. You will be better when the weather is warmer."

"No," said she, with a faint smile, "I shall not be better. You never felt as I do, Charley, or you would have been sure you were going to die. Something here," said she, pressing her hand to her heart, "makes me feel as if death is near. Now, Charley, I don't cry because I am sorry I am going to die; but I love you a great deal, and I am very weak, and my tears will come."

"My tears too fell fast. After a little pause she said—'As I have laid here I have thought

of the many pleasant hours we used to spend by the brook; and I have been so thankful that we never quarrelled—that I was never angry with you, and that you were always patient with me, though I was younger than you, and did not always understand how you wished me to do things. Now, Charley, we shall never play any more together; and when I said I was glad you was in time, I meant in time to hear what I want to say."

"Next summer will come, and the brook will run just as pleasantly as it has done other summers; and I shall be lying peacefully over there in the grave yard; no," added she, looking up, "I shall be in heaven, by the 'pure river of water of life clear as crystal proceeding out of the throne of God and of the Lamb,' (Rev. xxii. 1.) 'for the Lamb which is in the midst of the throne, shall feed them, and shall lead them unto living fountains of waters: and God shall wipe all tears away from their eyes.' (Rev. vii. 17.) She covered her eyes with her hands, and was silent, while the tears trickled through them and rolled down upon the pillow from each side of her face."

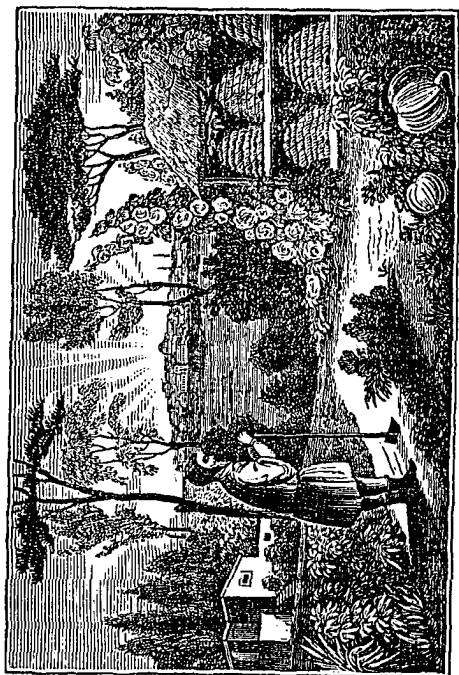
"In a few moments she said, 'Charley, you will often look at the brook—perhaps you will play there.' I shook my head, for I could not speak. 'Well, then, whenever you see it,' continued she, 'think of the pure river of God, and be a good boy, and love the dear Saviour now while you are young, and we shall walk the banks of that crystal stream together in the garden of God.'"

"Well, my dear children," said Mr. Lane, "my little Fanny died shortly after this conversation. Oh how I missed her—how I mourned and grieved for her loss—how I missed her light footstep—how I longed for the sweet music of her voice! Every thing in and around the house seemed to bring her to mind. The garden, the brook, the library—all seemed desolate. I never played by that brook again, and shortly after Fanny's death my father removed to a new house he had just finished. That part of the village has always a melancholy look to me; but I never pass by that stream without thinking of the words of my dear sister, and I trust that whenever it shall please God to call me from this world, I shall join my dear Fanny in the paradise of God."

Lucy and Bell both shed tears while their father related the history of little Fanny, and Mr. Lane was much overcome by the recollections of his beloved sister.—*S. S. Journal.*

NO ESCAPE.

An intelligent daughter, who had enjoyed many religious privileges, and the advice and religious instruction of a pious mother, was asked if she believed that she must be born again before she could go to heaven? "Certainly I do," was her reply, "I ought to believe that, for it has always been poured into my ears. It seems sometimes as though I should hear nothing else. I left my own meeting last Sabbath morning to hear a new preacher, and when he named his text, it was "except a man be born again, he cannot see the kingdom of heaven." In the afternoon I resolved to try some other place of worship, to escape such preaching, and accordingly took my seat, not doubting but I should hear something which should divert my thoughts from the words still sounding in my ears. The minister arose, and announced for his text the words, "except a man be born again, he cannot see the kingdom of heaven." He preached a most faithful sermon on the same subject. The evening came, and not being satisfied with what I had heard, I determined to try the third place of worship, feeling confident that I should be gratified in the third attempt. But to my astonishment the preacher arose, and repeated the same text, and most faithfully held up the necessity of regeneration." Could that child escape the conviction that God himself had directed her footsteps during that day, that she might have line upon line. But how painful is the thought, that one so closely pursued, still remains in sin, without asking for God's mercy. How merciful is God! When the creatures that he has made turn from him, he calls after them, invites them to his kingdom. He speaks in his word, and in his providences. What child does not hear his voice? Yet, how few obey. -*S. S. Treasury.*



Written for the *Youth's Companion*.

OLD MAN AND BEES.

Lucy. What is that old gentleman doing there, mother?

Mother. He is standing, leaning on his hoe. I suppose he has been at work; but now he seems to be engaged in contemplation.

L. Contemplation—I don't know what that is. What does contemplation mean, mother?

M. It is thinking steadily about some one thing for some time together. It is very profitable to be engaged in contemplation. I should be glad if my dear Lucy would think more and speak less.

L. I do think a great deal, mother; but then I don't like to think a great while about one thing at a time.

M. I know it, my dear; and that is what makes all your thoughts so superficial.

L. Superficial—O, mother, I wish you would use words that I can understand. What is superficial?

M. If I should always use words that you understand, how would you learn the meaning of other words, which you do not understand? And how would you find questions enough to ask me, when we are talking? Get your dictionary, and see what *superficial* means.

L. I've found it. The dictionary says it means, "Lying on the surface, not reaching below the surface; shallow, contrived to cover something; shallow, not profound; smattering, not learned." But, how is it that my thoughts are superficial?

M. They do not reach below the surface—they are on the top, just like a cover that is put over something, to cover it up. But, if you would think longer, you would get down deep, and find something worth thinking about. Silver and gold and precious stones are not often

found on the surface, or top of the ground; but by digging deep into the earth. And so it is with thoughts and ideas. You should not speak out the first thought that comes into your mind, and so be always chattering like the magpie; but think—think—think—till you have something worth saying.

L. Then I should be dull, like Susan Dumps, who never has any thing to say but *yes* and *no*.

M. O no, my child; if you *think deep*, you will always have something to say just at the right time, that is worth saying; and Solomon says, "A word fitly spoken, is like apples of gold, in pictures of silver." Only think—the picture of a tree, made with silver, and the apples with gold—how beautiful. But, he says "the fool's voice is known by multitude of words."

L. But what do you suppose the old gentleman is thinking about, mother? He seems to be looking at the bees.

M. Well, bees are a good subject for contemplation. I very much admire the character of the bee. There are many things in it, which I wish you would imitate. The bee is very industrious. You never see her idle in a fair day, when she can be at work. She gathers honey all the day. And her industry is worthy of being imitated. It is not, like that of some young folks, *busy idleness*. She never does any thing but for some profit; and she never begins any thing without finishing. She goes out of the hive, and takes the straightest course to the place where she finds the flowers. She goes to one flower and sucks out the honey, and then flies to another, without losing any time; but if she happens to light on one that has no honey in it, she quickly flies off to another, without wasting her time over it; and when she gets as much honey as she can carry, she flies up high in the air, till she sees the way home, and then goes in a straight line to her hive.

L. But what can I learn from that, mother?

M. You may learn to waste no time nor strength in ill-directed efforts; never to begin anything and throw it aside without finishing it; to go straight from one thing to another without losing any precious time; and especially, in reading, not to spend your time on frivolous books or papers that have no honey in them; and finally, to take good care to store up what you learn, as the bee stores up the honey in his hive. And so, you may learn from the bee to classify, in your mind, all that you learn. The bee does not put his honey and his bread all in the same cell, nor all his honey in one cell; but he divides his hive into a great many little apartments, where he lays up his bread and honey. So you should classify all you learn; and that will help your memory, and enable you the better to bring it out, when you have use for it. N.

held all his treasure. His mother dead—the very fountain of his life seemed dried up; and all his joy fled with her—to heaven.

The world was before him—unknown, and as yet untried. And what a blank it seems to one, who discerns no springs of comfort in it, and no flowers to gather by the way-side. And such does it ever seem to those, who look at it only through the tears of affliction; who gazing through those tears, see only clouds overhead, and think not that higher is the light and the sunshine.

Entering the house which he always had called his *home*, but which was to prove to him such no longer, (for he was left in utter destitution) Willie threw himself into his mother's chair, and as the reality of her death began to force itself upon him, he felt to the full that anguish, which may be written of, and spoken of, but can never be *known*, till *realized*.

[To be Continued.]

Written for the Youth's Companion.

ORPHAN WILLIE,

THE WANDERING MINSTREL.—Chap. II.

Summer and Winter, Spring and Autumn, the four sisters of the seasons, had six times glided through the quiet village of "Sweet Waters," (as the birth place of Willie was fancifully called,) and six times had they smiled or frowned, as was their wont, upon the peaceful villagers. Six times had Winter, crowded fair Summer, her younger sister, into the grave of faded flowers, and heaped white snow upon her. Six times had pale Autumn, still younger, with troubled heart sung a requiem at her sister's grave, sighed, and passed on. And six times had beautiful Spring, youngest and fairest, with warm breath dissolved the snow, called gaily upon her sister to come forth, and placing fresh flowers in her hand, and a garland of roses upon her brow, breathed joy into her heart, and the music of running waters into her ear.

On a soft summer afternoon, the bell of the village church broke its accustomed silence, and announced with solemn voice, the departure of a soul, and its final passage to the spirit-land. As the vibrations still trembled on the air, a line of mourners was seen to issue from the door of an humble cottage in the distance, and preceded by a hearse, to wind slowly, now under the deep shade, and now through the warm sunshine, towards the retired burial-place of the village. And now they reach the spot—that lowly couch of earth and flowers, where all at last, lie down together; a couch spread for each of us at birth, and never wanting its final occupant.

One sleeper more is added to the sleeping multitude; and as the sod falls heavy on the coffin, the living that cluster around, take the lesson to heart. The voice that hushed the restless to sleep with its music, is hushed in its turn, to a sleep still deeper. The heart that sorrowed for a buried husband, sleeps now as calm and still beside him, as though a sorrow had never reached it.

As Willie turned away from the grave of his mother, (for it was she,) the pleasant sun seemed dark to him, and the voice of birds a mockery. How could the birds sing and how could the sun shine, when his heart was so desolate. Earth had nothing in store for him, the grave

NARRATIVE.

PLAYING COLLEGE.

Anna and George were one evening playing around the fire just before tea, when their father came in and took his seat in the great arm-chair, waiting for the tea bell to ring.

Anna and George both came to him, and wanted him to have a play.

"Well, what shall we play?" said their father.

"Let us play lion and old man," said Anna.

"No," said her father, "that is a noisy play, and I do not feel like a noisy play just now. We'll play college."

"Play college?" said George. "O, I don't know how to play college."

"But I will tell you. You shall be the class, and I will be the Professor of Philosophy. The class in college come together, and sit very quiet and still while the professor gives them a lecture in Philosophy, and explains something to them which they did not understand before; and then he asks them questions, to see if they remember what he has told them."

So Anna and George brought their crickets, and sat down before their father, and listened very gravely while he lectured them as follows:—

"The subject of this lecture, young gentlemen,——"

"I am not a young gentleman," said Anna.

"No, but we play that you are," said George.

"The subject of my lecture," continued their father, "is the fire."

Here George and Anna both looked at the bright fire which was burning in the fireplace.

"When a fire like that is burning," continued their father, "there is a kind of hot, smoky air produced, which is not good to breathe. It would strangle us."

"What do you mean by *strangle*?" asked George. He was a small boy, and he did not understand language very well.

"Why, it would produce a kind of choking, stifling feeling, and make us catch our breath and cough; and at last, if we could not get any other air to breathe, we should sink down and die; so that, if there was a tight room made,

with a brick floor, and a fire was made upon the floor, and people were shut up in the room, it would in a short time kill them."

"The smoke would kill them?" said George.

"It would not be altogether the smoke. Smoke is what we can see rising up from a fire; but there is something else, called a *gas*, or rather there are several kinds of gas, which come from a fire; and these gases and the smoke together are what would strangle us if we should breathe them. Now, it follows from this, that if we wish to have a fire in a room, we must have some way for the smoke and the gases to go off, or we shall be choked and strangled by them.

"The way we contrive to let them off is by a chimney. The chimney has an opening through it from the top to the bottom. This opening is called a *flue*. The smoke and the gases can go up this flue. It must be built of something that will not burn, or else the sparks might set it on fire. They commonly build it of bricks. Sometimes the farmers, in the new settlements, cannot get bricks very conveniently, and so they build their chimneys of great stones; but this makes a very rough-looking fire-place. They make the hearth of great, flat stones, too."

"O, I should like to see one," said Anna.

"I have seen them," said her father. "Savages have no chimneys."

"What are savages?" said George.

"They are wild men, that live, in some parts of the world, in the woods, in little huts, which they make of branches of trees or of bark. They build their fires in the middle of the hut, and let the smoke go out of a hole in the roof overhead. There must always be some passage; for there is no such thing as having a fire without its producing smoke and gases, which it would be bad to breathe."

"Does a lamp make gases," asked George, "when it is burning?"

"Yes," replied his father; "but a lamp is such a small fire, that the gases float away, and mingle with the air of the room."

"O father," said Anna, "is a lamp a fire?"

"Yes," said her father, "it is a little fire of oil."

"I never knew that," said George.

"You never heard it *called* a fire, perhaps, but you knew that it was of the same nature. But now my lecture is over, and I must ask the class some questions."

Their father was then going to ask the children some questions; but, just as he was going to begin, the tea came in, and the bell rang, and so they all gave up playing college, and went and took their seats at table.

George and Anna who had been quite interested in their lecture, observed at once that the tea-pot was smoking, and they said there ought to be a chimney for that smoke to go up in.

"O, that is not smoke," said their father; "that is something very different."

"What is it?" said Anna.

"It is vapor. Vapor is very different from smoke," said her father.

"How is it different?"

"Why, vapor is made up of very fine particles of water, and it does not strangle us to breathe them. But smoke is made up of fine particles of coal, or something like coal. If you hold the blade of a knife in the vapor from the tea-pot, you will find that a spot upon it will become covered with water; but things held long in the smoke, like the hooks and the crane over the kitchen fire, become black and sooty. Soot is formed of particles of smoke collected upon the iron, or upon the back of the chimney. So that there is a very great difference between smoke and vapor, though they look somewhat alike. There is an obvious difference, too, even in the appearance, if we notice carefully. Vapor is grayish white. Smoke is blue. Vapor, after it rises a little way, melts away, and disappears entirely; but smoke remains. If it gets

into a room, it spreads all over it, and remains in the air until it gradually goes off out the doors or windows, or up the chimney."

After tea, Anna and George begged their mother to put the tea-pot down upon the floor a minute or two, and let them hold their heads over it, and see if they could breathe the vapor. Their father told them they must not hold their heads near, for it might be hot enough to scald them. He was, in fact, rather unwilling to let them try that experiment at all, for fear of some danger. At length, however, he concluded to let them try cautiously, taking care that they did not put their heads very near. They found that the vapor did not strangle them at all, nor make their eyes tingle, like smoke. So they were satisfied that it was a very different thing; though their father told them that vapor was often *mingled* with smoke, from the fire, and came out with it, at the top of the chimney.

[Cousin Lucy's Stories.]

PLAYING IN THE WATER.

Rollo's Vacation

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PLAYING IN THE WATER.

Rollo wanted to go into the woods. He should like to see the place where the hornets' nest was, and, besides, he wanted to play in the water a little, by the bridge. They discussed the matter some time, and finally Henry yielded; and they both jumped out behind the cart and made their way towards the woods.

Some tall weeds were growing by the side of the lane, or rather had been growing, for they had long since ripened, and nothing remained now but tall stalks, white and dry. Rollo proposed taking one or two of them for "pushers," to push the little chips about with, which were to serve for boats. So they gathered two tall ones apiece, and pulled off the branches and broke off the tops, and then clambered over the fence and walked along the pastures, with their light and slender "pushers" in their hands.

They at length entered the woods by the pasture path, and presently came down to the brook and the bridge. Rollo was so much interested in trying his "pusher," that he forgot all about the hornets' nest, but immediately began to look about for sticks and pieces of bark to use for boats.

They found various representatives for ships and rafts, which they navigated about the water with their "pushers," standing themselves, upon the bridge. For a time this afforded pretty good amusement, but it did not last very long. At length Rollo went to the shore on one side, and proposed to Henry to go to the shore on the other, so that they could send their vessels to

and fro to one another, loaded with leaves and pebble stones for cargo.

This lasted some minutes longer, but somehow or other Rollo did not find it quite so good fun as he had expected. At length they got tired and let the vessels drift about, and Rollo took up a stone, and, pointing to a piece of bark, said he was going to cannonade that man-of-war.

"You will spatter me," said Henry.

The stone, however, had taken its flight, and striking the water just beyond the man-of-war, sent a few drops over to Henry.

Henry took it very good-naturedly, and thought he would cannonade the man-of-war too; in doing which, he spattered Rollo a little. Rollo laughed and threw another stone; and thus they continued for a little time, until they found they were beginning to get wet, when at length they desisted.

They now did not know what to do with themselves. They were a little wet, and, consequently, a little uncomfortable. They ought not to have spattered themselves even so little as they had done; and the secret feeling that they had not done quite right, made them a little uncomfortable in mind as well as in body.

At last, as they were playing idly in the water, Rollo having one end of his "pusher" in his mouth and the other in the water, he suddenly took it out of his mouth and said,

"Oh, Henry, look here."

Then Rollo put the end of his "pusher" into his mouth again, and held the other end in the water again a moment, and then drew it out; when Henry saw a stream of water issuing from the lower end, shooting back into the water of the brook.

"How do you do it?" said Henry.

"I suck the water up," said Rollo, "and then blow it out again."

The boys were much pleased with this experiment, in which they both succeeded better and better on repeated trials. They found that they could throw the water farther and farther out towards the middle of the brook; and finally, Rollo, by aiming pretty high and blowing hard, succeeded in projecting his stream away across to the land where Henry was standing.

They both shouted with laughter at this, and the next moment Henry tried. He succeeded in throwing his jet so far as to sprinkle Rollo with it a little, at which the boys shouted again; and in a few minutes they were both busily engaged drawing up their "pushers" full of water, and then blowing it out, with all their strength, towards one another.

Rollo said he was an elephant, taking up water with his trunk; and Henry said he was a whale—a great, spouting whale. In a word, the boys were in great glee. And yet, after all, they were not really happy. There was a sort of hollowness in their mirth, and a secret feeling of dissatisfaction, which made the pleasure of this merriment very different from the quiet and gentle happiness of the holiday at Miss Mary's school. In fact, the boys were beginning to get considerably wet, though the wetting came so

very gradually, that they did not think much of it, except that there was a secret feeling that they were not doing quite right.

Rollo's Vacation.

S A B B A T H S C H O O L.

PLEASING.

How delightful it is to see a father with his affectionate children clustering around him, each anxious to give the strongest proof of their love and regard. You have often seen this exhibition of filial affection in the family circle, by the fireside, when the father has finished his business for the day, and returned from the counting-room, the work-shop or the field. Here it manifests itself most naturally, and with the least restraint. The world is shut out, there is no fear of transcending the rules of propriety and reserved demeanor, always to be observed in the presence of visitors. A father can come down

for an hour from the seat where he administers a wise family government, and reciprocate the fond caresses of his children, and thus by cultivating, strengthen that attachment which can never be too strong.

But have you seen that same father on his way to the Sabbath School, and sanctuary of God, with a son by each hand, and perhaps a little daughter or two walking behind or before them? They can hardly get near enough to him; as he talks by the way about the Sabbath, the Bible or God, they listen with the deepest attention. Their deportment is such as every one would approve. Their time passes pleasantly, and they are exceeding happy as their father leads them to their teacher, and sits down to his class. Who is not filled with emotion to which he cannot give utterance, when looking at such a delightful manifestation of affection and parental management.

MORE PLEASING.

It is highly gratifying to see children conduct themselves with propriety when with their parents and under their immediate watchcare. But it is far more pleasing to see them behave with equal propriety when away from their parents, beyond their control and correction. It is delightful to see children kind and affectionate to each other at home. Any word or action which shows their love to each other, makes that home still more happy. But the same love and attachment manifested to each other away from home is more worthy of notice. Have not my young readers seen it at school, on the play ground, in the garden or street? Have you not seen brothers or sisters walking hand in hand to the Sabbath School, the older guiding the younger, and affectionately helping them along? They behaved well with their father, and with just as much sedateness & propriety without him. When with him we did not expect rudeness and laughing on the Sabbath; how gratifying not to see it when without his presence. Who does not feel that such children honor their parents by their good conduct and please God.- *S. S. Treasury.*

PRETTY BOBBY.

A TRUE STORY.

BY MISS MITFORD.

"WHAT have you got in your hat, Edward?" said Arthur Maynard to his cousin Edward Stanhope, as they met one day in the village where they both resided; "what can you have there? a bird's nest?"

"Oh, I hope not!" exclaimed Julia Maynard, who was walking with her brother and a younger sister, "taking bird's nests is so cruel."

"Cruel or not, Miss Julia," replied Edward, "a bird's nest it is. Look, Arthur," continued he, displaying a nest full of poor little unfledged creatures, opening four great mouths as wide as they could gape, "look! they are robins."

"Robins! robin redbreasts! the household bird! the friend of man!" cried Arthur; "take a robin's nest! oh, fie! fie!"

"The robin redbreast!" said little Sophy Maynard, "that when the poor Children in the Wood were starved to death, covered them over with leaves. Did you never hear old nurse Andrews repeat the old ballad? I can almost say it myself:

"No burial this pretty pair
Of any man receives,
Till Robin Redbreast painfully
Did cover them with leaves,"—

shouted Sophy: "you that pretend to be so fond of poetry, to take a robin's nest!"

"Poetry!" rejoined Edward contemptuously, "a penny ballad! an old woman's song! call that poetry?"

"I like to hear it though" persisted little Sophy; "I would rather hear nurse Andrews repeat the Children in the Wood than any thing; call it what names you like!"

"And it was but the other day," said Julia, "that papa made me learn some verses just to the same effect out of Mr. Lamb's Specimens. Did you ever hear them?

Call to the robin redbreast and the wren,
Since o'er shady groves they hover,
And with flowers and leaves do cover
The friendless bodies of unburied men.

Now I am quite sure that those lines are poetry; and, at all events, every body holds the robin sacred for his social qualities, he is tame, so confiding, so familiar; no one would ever think of taking his nest, even if birds-nesting were not the cruelest thing in the world," continued Julia, returning to her first exclamation, "Every body cherishes the robin."

"So do I," replied her incorrigible cousin; "I am so fond of the robin and his note that I mean to bring up all four of these young ones, and tame them, and make friends of them."

"Put back the nest, and I will teach you a better way," said Arthur; "for we mean to tame some robins ourselves this summer."

"Put back the nest indeed!" rejoined Edward, "I must make haste home, and get the butler to give me a cage, and Fanny to help me feed them. Put back the nest indeed!" and off ran the naughty taker of birds' nests, vainly pursued by little Sophy's chidings, by Julia's persuasions, by Arthur's remonstrances, and by the united predictions of all three, that he would never rear the unfortunate younglings.

Very true were these predictions. One by one,

in spite of all the care of Edward and his sister Fanny, who crammed them twenty times a day with all sorts of food, proper or improper, bread, meat, eggs, herbs, and insects, with every mess in short that they had ever heard recommended for any bird—one by one the poor little shivering creatures, shivering although wrapped in lambs-wool and swansdown, pined, and dwindled, and died; and Fanny, a kind-hearted little girl, fretted and cried; and Edward, not less vexed, but too proud to cry, grumbled at his ill luck, and declared that he would never trouble himself with birds again as long as he lived. "I wonder how Arthur has succeeded with his!" thought he to himself; "I think he and the girls talked of getting some—but, of course, they all died. I am sure no people could take more pains than Fanny and I. I'll never trouble myself with birds again."

About a month after this soliloquy, the young Stanhopes received an invitation to dine with their cousins, for it was Sophy's birthday, and the children had a half holiday; and after dinner they were allowed to eat their cherries and strawberries in their own verandah, a place they were all very fond of. And a very pretty place this verandah was.

Fancy a deep shady trellis running along one end of the house, covered with vines, passion flowers, clematis, and jessamine, looking over gay flower beds, the children's own flower beds, to an arbor of honeysuckle, laburnum, and china roses, which Arthur had made for Julia; clusters of greenhouse plants, their own pet geraniums arranged round the pillars of the verandah; and the verandah itself, furnished with their own tables and chairs, and littered with their toys and their small garden tools: as pretty an out-of-door playroom as heart could desire.

It was a fine sunny afternoon toward the end of June, and the young folks enjoyed the fruit and the flowers, and the sweet scent of the bean-blossoms and the new-mown hay in the neighboring fields, and were as happy as happy could be. At last, after the girls had pointed out their richest geraniums and largest hartsease, and they had been properly praised and admired, Arthur said, "I think it is time to show Edward our robins." And at the word, little Sophy began strewing bread crumbs at one end of the verandah as fast as her hands could go.

"Bobby! Bobby! pretty Bobby!" cried Sophy; and immediately the prettiest robin that ever was seen came flying out of the arbor toward her; not in a direct line, but zigzag as it were, stopping first at a rose tree, then swinging on the top of a lily, then perching on the branch of a campanula that bent under him; still coming nearer and nearer, and listening, and turning up his pretty head, as Sophy continued to cry, "Bobby! Bobby!" and sometimes bowing his body, and jerking his tail in token of pleased acknowledgement, until at last he alighted on the ground, and began picking up the bread crumbs with which it was strewed. While presently two or three young robins, with their speckled breasts (for the red feathers do not appear until they are three or four months old) came fluttering about the verandah, flying in and out quite close to the children, hopping round them, and feeding at their very feet; not shy at all—not even cautious, like the old birds, who had seen more of the world, and looked at the strangers with their

bright piercing eyes rather mistrustfully, as if they knew there were such things as little boys who take bird's nests, and little girls who keep birds in cages.

"Bobby! pretty Bobby!" continued Sophy, quite enchanted at the good conduct of her pets, and calling upon her cousins for their tribute of admiration. Fanny willingly expressed her delight; and Edward, looking somewhat foolish, wondered how they became so tame.

"We used to throw down the crumbs from breakfast and dinner in this place all the winter," said Julia; "the poor birds are so glad of them in the hard weather! And one particular robin used to come for them every day, and grew quite familiar; he would even wait here for us, and fly to meet us as soon as that quick eye of his spied a white frock turning the corner. So then we began to talk to him, and to feed him regularly."

"I always saved a great bit of my bread for Bobby," interrupted Sophy.

"And he grew as tame as you see; and when he had young ones, he brought them here with him," said the sister.

"You should have seen them the first day," said Sophy; "that was the prettiest sight. The little things did not know how to help themselves, so there they stood about, some on the geraniums and some on the rose trees, chirping and opening their bills for the old birds to feed them; and the poor old birds flew about from one to the other with bread crumbs, not taking a morsel themselves. You cannot think how much the young ones ate! There was one great greedy fellow perched on my rake, who made his poor papa bring him seven mouthfuls before he was satisfied. And now they are so saucy! See how saucy they are!" continued the little girl, as one of the boldest came close to her, and caught a crumb which she was flinging to him, before it reached the ground, "see how saucy! Oh pretty, pretty Bobbies! I do love them so."

"We all like the poor confiding creatures who pay us the compliment of trusting so entirely in our kindness and good faith, I believe," said Arthur, half laughing at her eagerness; "and after all, Edward," added he, as the two boys, bat in hand, marched off to cricket, "after all, you must confess that our method of taming robins is better than yours, and that one bird who comes to you at liberty, of his own free will, is worth a dozen kidnapped in the nest, luckless wretches, and mewled up in a cage."

Edward confessed that his cousin was right, and never took a bird's nest again.

Written for the Youth's Companion.

ORPHAN WILLIE,
THE WANDERING MINSTREL.—Chap. III.

Bright rose the sun the next morning, and as his cheerful beams poured into Willie's small bed chamber, he awoke, and falling upon his knees, commended himself and his future fortunes, to that "Father of the fatherless," who he was sure could and would take the care of them. Strengthened and cheered by this consciousness, he gathered together the few clothes he could call his own, and packing them into his trunk he prepared to take his leave of all that on earth was dear to him—his home and his native village.

His mother's sickness, which was a protracted one, had completely exhausted the little property left her by her husband, and Willie was left at her death in utter destitution. But a distant relative of the family, had kindly offered to take charge of the orphan, and provide for him till he could support himself. This relation resided in Boston—and to this distant, and to Willie, strange city, was he to proceed on the morrow.

Completing his preparations, Willie determined to spend the last day that was left him, in visiting the places familiar to his eye and dear to his heart, as associated with his own happiest hours, and his mother's presence.

The garden, the orchard, the green meadow, the winding path by the river side, the hill in the distance, the forest that skirted the village, all were in turn to be visited; for each had its peculiar association with the dear departed. Taking with him a small basket of provisions, which a kind neighbor had prepared for him, he started with very mingled sensations, upon the melancholy, yet grateful task. How was it that nature looked that day so lovely to him? How was it that his eyes and his heart had never been so open to the surpassing loveliness of the scenes around him, as they then appeared to be? As these thoughts passed through his mind, his memory seemed to answer them in the words of a song he had once heard sung.

"Parting sunders many a tie,
All unfelt before.
What a beauty clothes these scenes
Never yet they wore!
Trees ne'er sprung so full and fair;
Never breathed so soft an air!
Earth ne'er offered to the sky
Such a minstrelsy!"

The sun was sinking in the west as seated upon the brow of a green hill, he gazed for the last time upon the village of "Sweet-Waters," as it reposed beneath him. Embalming its quiet and rural beauties in his memory, as sacred mementos of early and happy days, never to be eradicated and never forgotten, he hastened down, for there was one spot, the dearest and the last, yet to receive a parting tear.

He knelt at his mother's grave—how still she

slept beneath him! And his father near her—how silent! What repose so deep as death! and yet what repose so expressive, and so eloquent! Eloquent in its very mystery—but still more eloquent in its profound and spiritual teachings!

Murmuring a prayer, the orphan boy arose, but before he left the grave, his voice broke the stillness, and as a requiem to his mother's memory, he sung that touching song of Wolfe's, which she had early taught him.

"If I had thought thou could'st have died,
I might not weep for thee;
But I forgot, when by thy side,
That thou could'st mortal be;
It never through my mind had past,
The time would e'er be o'er,
And I on thee should look my last,
And thou should'st smile no more!

And still upon that face I look,
And think 'twill smile again;
And still the thought I will not brook,
That I must look in vain!
But when I speak—thou dost not say
What thou ne'er left 'st unsaid;
And now I feel, as well I may,
Sweet mother, thou art dead!

"If thou would'st stay e'en as thou art,
All cold, and all serene—
I still might press thy silent heart,
And where thy smiles have been!
While e'en thy chill bleak corse I have,
Thou seemest still mine own!
But there I lay thee in thy grave—
And I am now alone!

I do not think where'er thou art
Thou hast forgotten me;
And I perhaps may soothe this heart,
In thinking too of thee;
Yet there was round thee such a dawn
Of light, ne'er seen before,
As fancy never could have drawn,
And never can restore!"

[To be Continued.]

things look when they are arranged in order! I wish I had some shelves."

A few days after this, she was at home one afternoon, when there was no school. She did not know what to do. She had nobody to play with. She could not go out of doors, because it rained. At last she said, "I know what to do. I will go and put my playthings in order."

She went up into a rough chamber over the shed, where there were some boxes. She put down one of the boxes against the side of the chamber, with the open side out. Then she put another box upon the top of it. So she could put her playthings in the boxes, which answered for shelves.

First, she got her blocks. She had a great many blocks. Some were in the kitchen, some were in the closet, some were in a basket under the table in the parlor. One was under the clock. Rachel had put it under the clock some days before, to play that it was a mouse.

Rachel collected all her blocks together, and carried them up to her shelves. She piled them up neatly upon the lower shelf at one end. They made a large, square pile.

"There," said she, "I am glad that I have got all my blocks together, in one place."

Then she brought her doll; and she looked all about the house, and found all the doll's clothes, and she put them together in a shelf above.

"Now," said she, "when my cousin comes here to play with me, and we want to play with my doll, I shall find her and all her things here. That will be very convenient."

Next Rachel thought she would put her books in order. So she went down stairs, and began to look for her books. She found them in various places, some on shelves, some in closets, and some on the parlor floor. She brought them all up into the rough chamber, and began to put them together neatly in a pile.

Pretty soon she observed a droll picture in one of her books. It was a picture of a dog jumping up. She thought she would read about it. So she sat down upon the floor before her boxes, and began to spell out the words under the picture.

While she was there, her mother came up into the chamber to look for something in a great bag. While she was looking for it, Rachel said,

"Mother, what does this word spell?—m,—there are one, two, three *m*'s in it, and two *a*'s."

"I think it must be *mamma*," said her mother. "But what are you doing, Rachel?"

"O, I am putting my things in order," said Rachel.

Then her mother came to see what she was doing.

"O," said she, "I am very glad to see this. It is much better for children to keep their playthings in order."

So Rachel's mother came to see her work, and she said she liked the plan very much indeed; and she told her that she would give her a curtain to hang up before her shelves.

Her mother then went back to the bag, and took out a green roll. When she unrolled it, Rachel saw it was a curtain. Rachel took it, and then went and brought a few small tacks and a carpet hammer, and nailed her curtain up. Then she finished arranging her books, and put them in. Thus she had a very convenient cabinet; and she resolved that, after that, she would always keep her things in order in it.

That night, at supper, Rachel told her mother that she liked her cabinet very much, and she

NARRATIVE.

RACHEL.

Once there was a little girl named Rachel. She was about six years old. She had a great many books and playthings, but they were lying about in various places all over the house.

One day she went to see her cousin. Her cousin's playthings were all together, upon some shelves. They were arranged in order. "O dear!" said Rachel, "how much prettier play-

said she had made a resolution always to keep her things in order in it.

"Ah," said her mother, "but that's a very hard resolution to keep."

"O no," said Rachel, "I think it will be very easy. All I have to do is just to put my things back in their places when I have done with them."

"Yes," said her mother, "that is all; but that is a great deal."

"O no, mother," said Rachel, "that is not much."

"Well," said her mother, "we shall see."

It turned out in the end that her mother was right; for in about two weeks Rachel's playthings were scattered all over the house again, as much as before. And the way they came to be so was this:—

The day after she had put them in order, she brought her blocks down in a basket, to play with in the entry. At last, she got tired of playing with the blocks, and she thought she would go out in the kitchen, and see if she could not get an apple to roast by the kitchen fire. So she left her blocks upon the carpet. Presently her mother put the blocks into the basket, and slid them under a shelf in the closet; and thus it was that her blocks got out of place.

A day or two after that, she wanted a book to read; and so she went up to her cabinet, and, when she had pulled the curtain aside, she took all her picture-books, and brought them down stairs. She put them upon the table, and got a chair, and sat up to the table, and began to look them over, to find one to read. After she had been reading a little while, the supper bell rang; and so she jumped down, and ran off to supper. After supper, she forgot that she had left her books upon the table; and when her mother was arranging the table that evening, for her evening work, she put the books upon a shelf in the closet; and that is the way her books got out of place.

And one day Rachel thought she would take her doll down stairs, and let her go out to walk; so she led her out upon the grass in the yard, and played that she was taking a walk. When she thought that her doll was tired of walking, she let her lie down upon the grass to rest. Presently a butterfly came along, and Rachel ran off to catch him. The butterfly flew over the fence into the garden; and Rachel went in at the gate, and tried to find him. She could not find the butterfly; but she found her mother there gathering some flower seeds. She stopped to help her; and her mother gave her some seeds, which she said she meant to put away upon her shelves, in little papers. But she put them on the kitchen table, when she went in, and forgot them.

A few days after this, her cousin William came to see her. She took him up stairs to show him her shelves and playthings. She took out the things one by one, and showed them to William, and then put them on the floor. William took out some of the things too. She was going to put them all back again before she went away. Presently she said, "But where are all my books? Somebody has taken away all my books. I put them here on the corner of this shelf. They ought not to come and take away my books."

And presently she said again,

"And now, besides, where's my doll gone? They have carried off my doll. I wish they would let my things alone, when I put them here."

"I rather think you carried her away yourself," said William.

"No, I didn't," said Rachel; "I left her here,—exactly here."

Then in a minute, she happened to recollect that she had taken her doll out to walk, and said,

"O no,—I remember now. I left her on the grass. Come with me, William, and I will show you."

So William and Rachel ran down to find the doll. She was lying in the grass, where Rachel had put her. She was soaked with the rain; and when Rachel took her up, she found that there were two great crickets hid under her. Rachel said it was no matter; it would not hurt her doll, for she was used to being left out in the rain. So she carried her in, in order to dry her by the kitchen fire.

The next evening, after tea, Rachel's mother said to her,

"Rachel, you remember that you told me, the other day, that you had made a resolution to keep your shelves always in order."

"Yes, mother," said Rachel.

"And I told you that you would find it a very hard resolution to keep."

"Yes, mother, I recollect that you did."

"Well, now, it is not a great many days since then, and yet your establishment is all in confusion. Your doll is in the table drawer in the kitchen. Your blocks and your books are down in the parlor closets; and, as I went through the rough chamber this afternoon, I saw that the rest of your playthings were all in confusion about the floor."

"Well, mother," said Rachel, "I was going to put them up, but I had to go and look for my doll."

Rachel's mother did not reply to this very unsatisfactory excuse. She only said,

"It is not a very difficult thing to *put* things in order. But to *keep* them in order, requires a great deal of steady perseverance, energy and decision."

[Cousin Lucy's Stories.]

READING IN BED.

We love to see children fond of reading; but there is a time and a place for all things. The bed is no place, and bed time is not the time for reading. Some little folks, who cannot afford to take time from their play for reading in the day time will get their books as soon as it is too dark to play, and crowd around the lamp to read; and then they get so much interested, especially if it is the *Companion* which they are reading, that they are unwilling to stop when it is bed time. They want to finish what they are reading after they go to bed. But this is a very dangerous practice, and should never be indulged. Two young ladies, one in New York and the other in Hadley, Mass. have within a few days been burned to death, in consequence of reading in bed. We hope all our readers will remember this, and avoid the practice. The day is long enough for work, study, reading and play.

RECOLLECTIONS OF THE PAST.--No. 4.

A TEACHER

The Youth's Companion (1827-1929); Jan 14, 1842; 15, 36; American Periodicals
pg. 142

Written for the Youth's Companion.

RECOLLECTIONS OF THE PAST.--No. 4.

“I think I shall not read that piece, it has so many hard words,” said Elizabeth C. to her father, as she took the *Youth's Companion*, and saw in it another “recollections of the past.” Her mother, however, took the paper and read it to her. It was about Louisa D., and as she heard it read along she was much interested, and would have been quite sorry not to have heard it. She asked many questions, and wished that it was easier for little children to read. I think the next time she will try herself, and if she finds words which she does not know, I think she will

ask about them; I hope however, that she will not be troubled with many which she does not understand.

I wish now to tell of a boy, who shot himself, while playing on the Sabbath. Some years ago, I spent a winter in the city of Philadelphia, and often visited the different Sabbath Schools. They were continued there the whole year, and did not close in the winter, as they do in some places, because it is cold, and the people think it too severe for the children to attend, though they go to school twice a day the whole week. I wish my young friends in places where the Sabbath School stops in the winter, to ask their parents and teachers if it is right. But I began to tell of a little boy who killed himself.

On one occasion, I visited a very large Sabbath School. There were several hundreds of children present. After the lessons had been recited, the superintendent, as was his custom, addressed the school, and looking around inquired for a little boy who was absent. When his name was called, there was great stillness among the children, and no one answered. The superintendent again asked for him, when several voices answered, "he is dead." Yes, he was dead. The Sabbath previous, instead of going to the school, he procured a pistol, and while playing with it, it went off and killed him. The event was an awful one, and the scholars felt it to be so. The little boy was not only out of his place, but was breaking one of God's commands, in violating the Sabbath. O! had he gone with the rest to the Sabbath School he would not have come to such an untimely end; and he might, perhaps, have been living at this time. But God has said; "The wicked shall not go unpunished;" and who can tell the torment which he may have since endured, for disobeying God. "Remember the Sabbath day, to keep it holy."

A TEACHER.

WONDERFUL INSTANCE OF SAGACITY IN A DOG.—

About eight months ago, a gentleman belonging to this city, embarked at Port Philip for Scotland. In the bustle and confusion of preparing for so long a voyage, a favorite dog disappeared about a couple of days before the vessel in which he returned left Port Philip; and as all the inquiry he was able to make turned out to be fruitless, he was under the necessity of leaving his four-footed friend behind him. He arrived in Edinburgh about two months ago, and, wonderful to tell, within the last three weeks was surprised by a visit from the animal he had left in Port Philip about eight months before. Upon inquiry, it turns out that the dog had gone on board of a ship on the eve of sailing for London; that once aboard, he resolutely refused to be put ashore, and by dint of sheer resolution obtained a passage. On his arrival in London, it is ascertained that he visited the lodgings formerly occupied by his master, and failing in discovering the object of his search, immediately disappeared, and was not again heard of until his arrival in Edinburgh. Familiar as we are with instances of the affection and sagacity of the dog, this is perhaps the most extraordinary example on record. His going on board an English ship, many thousand miles from home—his refusal to quit it—his visit to the former lodgings of his master on his arrival in London—and the journey from London to Edinburgh—rank the subject of this brief notice as one of the most wonderful animals of his species. The gentleman to whom he belongs is well known in Edinburgh, and is the son of a gentleman who, within the last twenty years, has filled various offices of civic dignity.

SHIPWRECK.

Tappan & Dennet
The Youth's Companion (1827-1929); Jun 3, 1842; 16, 4; American Periodicals
pg. 13



SHIPWRECK.

The Forfarshire steamer left Hull on the evening of Wednesday, September 5th, 1838, having on board a valuable cargo, and upwards of forty passengers. Her crew consisted of twenty-one persons; the captain's wife accompanied him on the voyage.

The Forfarshire had not proceeded far when a leak was discovered in the boiler. This rendered it necessary to extinguish two of the fires, which were, however, relighted when the boiler had been partially repaired. The vessel continued her course until the following evening, by which time she had proceeded as far as Berwick Bay, when the leak again appeared. It had now become so great, that the greatest difficulty was experienced in keeping the boilers filled, the water escaping through the leak as fast as it was pumped in. The wind was blowing strong and the sea running high, and the leak increased so much from the motion of the vessel, that the fires were extinguished, and the engines, of course, became entirely useless. It was now about ten o'clock at night, and they were off St. Abbs' Head, a bold promontory on the Scottish coast. There being great danger of drifting ashore, the sails were hoisted fore and aft, and the vessel put about in order to get her before the wind, and keep her off the land. She soon became unmanageable, and the tide setting strong to the south, she proceeded in that direction. It rained heavily during the whole time, and the fog was so dense that it became impossible to tell the situation of the vessel. At length breakers were discovered close to leeward, and the Ferne Lights, which about the same period became visible, put an end to all doubt as to the imminent peril of the unfortunate vessel. An attempt was made to run her between the Ferne Islands, but she refused to obey the helm, and at three o'clock on Friday morning, she struck with tre-

mendous force against the outer or Long-stone Island.

At the moment the vessel struck, most of the passengers were below, and many of them asleep in their berths. One, alarmed by the shock, started up, and seizing his trousers only, rushed upon deck. When he reached it, he found everything in confusion, and seeing part of the crew hoisting out a boat, he sprang into it. The raging of the sea instantly separated it from the vessel, and though several of the other passengers attempted to reach it, they were unsuccessful, and perished in the attempt. The boat itself escaped by something little short of a miracle. There was but one outlet by which it could avoid being dashed in pieces on the breakers by which it was surrounded. This outlet it providentially took without its crew being aware of it; and after being exposed to the storm all night, it was picked up by a sloop and carried into Shields.

In less than five minutes after the vessel struck, a second shock separated her into two parts—the stern, quarter-deck, and cabin being instantly borne away, through a passage called the Piper Gut, by a tremendous current, which runs with considerable violence even in temperate weather—with a rapidity of about six miles an hour—but which, when the weather is tempestuous, flows with a force truly terrific.

The fore part of the vessel, in the mean time, remained fast on the rock, and to it still clung the few passengers who remained, every instant expecting to share the fate of their unfortunate companions, whom they had seen swept away by the raging element. In this dreadful situation their cries attracted the notice of Grace Darling, the daughter of the keeper of the Outer Ferne Lighthouse. With a noble heroism, she immediately determined to attempt their rescue, in spite of the raging of the storm, and the all but certain destruction which threatened to attend it.

Having hastily awakened her father, he launched his boat at day-break, and, with a generous sympathy worthy of the father of Grace Darling, prepared to proceed to their rescue. The gale, in the meantime, continued unabated, and the boiling of the waves threatened a speedy destruction to their frail boat. It was therefore with a heart full of the most fearful forebodings, that he undertook the perilous enterprise. After watching the wreck for some time, they discovered that living beings were still clinging to it, and the gallant young woman, with matchless intrepidity, seized an oar and entered the boat. This was enough—her father followed; and, with the assistance of his daughter, conducted the frail skiff over the foaming billows to the spot where the wreck appeared. By a dangerous and desperate effort he was landed on the rock, and to preserve the frail boat from being dashed to pieces, it was rapidly rowed back among the awful abyss of waters, and kept afloat by the skilfulness and dexterity of this noble-minded young woman. At length the whole of the survivors, consisting of five of the crew and four of the passengers, were taken from the wreck, and conveyed to the light-house, where she ministered to their wants, and anxiously, for three days

and three nights, waited on the sufferers, and soothed their afflictions. This perilous achievement, unexampled in the feats of female fortitude, was witnessed by the survivors in silent wonder. The weather continued so tempestuous that the mainland could not be reached till Sunday, when the nine persons, saved by the gallant heroism of the Darlings, were landed in safety; thus making the entire number of persons saved from the wreck eighteen. All the others perished.

Those who found refuge on the rock on which the vessel struck, suffered severely during the night from the cold and the heavy seas, which at intervals, washed over them. The female passenger, who escaped, sat with her two children, a boy and a girl, the one eight and the other eleven years of age, firmly grasped in each hand, long after the buffeting of the waves had deprived them of existence. The captain and his wife were washed from the wreck, clasped in each other's arms, and both drowned.

It was indeed a noble act, Uncle Thomas! I wonder she was not afraid that her boat would share the fate of the steam-vessel, and be dashed in pieces on the rock.

It was an act of heroism, boys, to which you will find few parallels; nor has it been without its reward. Besides the satisfaction of saving nine fellow-creatures from certain destruction, the fame of the heroic act has spread far and wide, and its praise been on every tongue. Painters, of no mean power, have portrayed the scene, and its memory will be thus preserved. Presents have besides poured in upon her and her father, and everything been done to mark the public sympathy and approbation of the daring and disinterested deed.

[*Tales of Shipwrecks.* Published by Tappan & Dennet.]

SINGULAR COINCIDENCE.- A few days ago, while the Messrs. Thorburn were unpacking a chest of orange pekoe tea, imported in one of the late arrivals from China, they discovered between the lead lining and the bottom of the box a copy of the *Edinburg Caledonian Mercury*, of the date of the 22d September, 1796, (exactly 45 years ago,) containing a letter from the senior Mr. Thorburn, the venerable partner of the firm, regarding the tea trade of that period. The chest was packed 1500 miles above Canton, where the newspaper, which is in excellent preservation, must have been put in; and no explanation has been given to remove the mystery how it has been preserved and transmitted back nearly half a century after its publication.—[*Caledonian Mercury*.

a place, that the countenances of the villagers were all familiar, and were associated in his mind with *home*: of course he had with them a silent sympathy, which had always existed, but which he was never conscious of until now, when strange faces met his eye, with which he had no feeling or sympathy, in common.

As he passed through the various towns along which the route lay, it seemed strange to him, that places so unattractive and uninteresting, as they appeared to him, should be occupied by people who had evidently lived there all their lives, and were as contented and happy then, as he, or any one else could be in his own little village.

The stage route was a short one, for it soon intercepted the rail-road, at the termination of which, stood the great city, of whose extent and grandeur he had formed very exalted ideas. On reaching the cars, he was bewildered and stunned with the noise of the steam as it rushed with such fearful violence from the pipe of the engine, the cries and confusion of the passengers, the clanging of the bell, and the impatient directions of the conductors. He had barely gained his seat, when the rush of steam ceased, the confusion subsided, and the conductors closed the doors; a moment of silence, and the ponderous cars, crowded with their living freight, which had seemed to him immoveable by any human power, flew by an irresistible impulse from the spot where they were resting, and cleft the air like the wing of a bird. Willie held his breath as the cars dashed fearlessly on, now bounding through a wood, now skimming the surface of water, now cleaving in twain, as it seemed, villages and fields, and mountains of solid rock. The demon of Steam had the lead, and nothing seemed too incredible or miraculous for him to accomplish. He leaped madly on, and his fierce shriek rent the air, as though in exultation of his superhuman energy; and now he laughs loud and long, as he so fearfully trifles with the wealth of human life put into his power. And yet a heavy hand is on him, does he attempt to abuse the trust; and that hand is—the human WILL.

Willie's thoughts turned instinctively to that omnipotent Being, who holds even that *will*, in subjection, and to whom the strength of man, although fearfully augmented, as it is, by the instruments he has put into its power, is at best, when compared with *His* strength, but weakness! And yet, even that weakness, surpasses sometimes in its stupendous results, almost our feeble powers of conception. Who of us then shall estimate the omnipotence of that Being, who rolls solid worlds around their center, and suspends them, like stars, in the universe of space!

The distant steeples, and the city crowded with various edifices, and capped by the circular dome of the state-house, (which seems almost to pierce the clouds,) soon came in sight. A moment, and the cars were at the depot, the passengers alighting, and orphan Willie among the rest. His trunk is delivered to him, and he is soon on his way to that part of the city where his kind relative resides.

[To be Continued.]

Written for the Youth's Companion.

ORPHAN WILLIE,

THE WANDERING MINSTREL.—Chap. IV.

The next morning's coach rolled out of the village, and Willie for the first time began to realize as it receded from the scenes familiar to his eye, that a new life was dawning upon him. The strange places that he passed through, and the new faces that he was constantly seeing, had a cold novelty to him, which attracted, without interesting him. His native village was so small



SPRING.

The winter had been a long and very cold one; but it was at last over. There had been a great many hard snow-storms, and the ground had been covered for many weeks; but the spring had at last come. There were no more snow-storms, or only those which lasted for a short time; the snow-banks melted slowly away, and the green grass peeped up in every place as soon as the snow was gone.

The little birds came back again. They had flown away to warmer climates, to pass the cold months of winter; and some of them had now come back to build their nests, and prepare for summer. To be sure, the wind was still so cold and high, a good deal of the time, that it had kept away many of the pretty little singers; but in the middle of the day, when the sun shone bright, enough of them were seen, to convince the children that spring was come.

A few of the little flowers sprang up in the warm nooks and corners; and, with their feet well provided with India rubbers, the young people went out to seek them wherever they could be found.

Hot-beds were prepared, in which the seeds for radishes and salads, and some garden flowers were sown, that, under the shelter of the glass with which they were covered, the seeds might sprout and grow up without suffering from the cold winds. The plants, when the season became more advanced, could be transplanted, and would thus gain considerable time.

Mr. Milton's family, consisting of his wife, his daughters Sophia and Eleanor, his sons George and Frank, had passed the winter in the country. They had found much to amuse and instruct them during the cold season. They had had coasts, and slides, and skating, and sleigh-riding and snow-balling, out of doors. Then they had cousin Grace, from New York, staying with them a part of the time, to enliven them with her wit and gaiety. She had returned to her home in New York for a part of the winter, but had now come back to share with her cousins the first opening of spring. They had their books, and music, and drawing, for occupation; and when they had nothing more important to do, they never failed to find animated amuse-

ment in playing, or listening to the reading of some amusing book. They had passed a merry Thanksgiving; Christmas had been duly observed; New Year's Day had been a most animated festival. Though they were all glad to see the end of the winter, and the beginning of dear, sweet, warm, sunny spring, yet they did not look back on the winter as a gloomy season, but rather as a good long night, a part of which had been spent in useful and pleasant occupation, and the rest in a season of gentle repose for nature and for man.

Both man and nature had enjoyed this rest, and now sprang gaily up to meet the labors, and duties, and pleasures of another year. The season invited the young people out of doors; but it was not yet so warm as to make exercise disagreeable. The girls were very fond of following their hoops down the smooth gravel walks of Mr. Milton's grounds.

Mrs. Milton told them they were very fortunate to live in these days, when such an exercise was thought proper for young ladies. She thought it a very good one, and was very glad that it had become so common that it was not considered amiss for young girls to amuse themselves in this way.

It was a French custom which had been brought over here some years since. In Paris, it is very much the fashion for the children to play much more out of doors than with us. Parties of children are sent out with a nurse, who sometimes take charge of two or three parties, to play in the green squares or commons of the city. They take the playthings they wish to amuse themselves with, and spend much of the day in this way. Among these children, driving hoop is a very common play.

Some little American children, who had been abroad, returned, bringing their hoops with them, and ventured to take them out in the streets, and public walks, and squares of the cities. The fashion gradually spread, so that it now is very common to see young girls driving their hoops abroad.

Now and then an old lady complains that it is too romping and rude an amusement for young ladies, and says that such plays were not thought of when she was young; yet most people think it is a very good play for girls, and that any thing which draws them out to exercise in the fresh air does them good.

Very pretty, light hoops have been imported from France, and made here, for the use of the young ladies, and many of them have become very skilful in the sport.—*Book of the Seasons.*

In Boston, on a pleasant day in summer, may be seen many young Misses driving hoops, on the beautiful walks round the common. After sitting in a close School Room, at hard study, for several hours, this exercise in the open air, is healthful to the body and invigorating to the mind.